

Lords haue put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and reuenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he giues them good leaue to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if *Rosalind* the Dukes daughter bee banished with her Father?

Cha. Ono; for the Dukes daughter her Cousen so loues her, being euer from their Cradles bred together, that hee would haue followed her exile, or haue died to stay behind her; she is at the Court, and no lesse beloued of her Vncle, then his owne daughter, and neuer two Ladies loued as they doe.

Oli. Where will the old Duke liue?

Cha. They say hee is already in the Forrest of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they liue like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*: they say many yong Gentlemen flocke to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrastle to morrow before the new Duke.

Cha. Marry dee! fir: and I came to acquaint you with a matter: I am giuen fir secretly to vnderstand, that your yonger brother *Orlando* hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against mee to try a fall: to morrow fir I wrastle for my credit, and hee that escapes me without some broken limbe, shall acquit him well: your brother is but yong and tender, and for your loue I would bee loth to foyle him, as I must for my owne honour if hee come in: therefore out of my loue to you, I came hither to acquaint you withall, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brooke such disgrace well as he shall runne into, in that it is a thing of his owne search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. *Charles*, I thanke thee for thy loue to me, which thou shalt finde I will most kindly requite: I had my selfe notice of my Brothers purpose heerein, and haue by vnder-hand meanes laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. He tell thee *Charles*, it is the stubbornest yong fellow of France, full of ambition, an enuious emulator of euery mans good parts, a secret & villanous contriuer against mee his naturall brother: therefore vse thy discretion, I had as lief thou didst breake his necke as his finger. And thou wert best looke to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if hee doe not mightilie grace himselfe on thee, hee will practise against thee by poyson, entrap thee by some treacherous deuise, and neuer leaue thee till he hath tane thy life by some indirect meanes or other: for I assure thee, (and almost with teares I speake it) there is not one so yong, and so villanous this day liuing. I speake but brotherly of him, but should I anathomize him to thee, as hee is, I must blush, and weepe, and thou must looke pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if hee come to morrow, Ile giue him his payment: if euer hee goe alone againe, Ile neuer wrastle for prize more: and to God keepe your worship.

Exit.
Farewell good *Charles*. Now will I stirre this Gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soule (yet I know not why) hates nothing more then he: yet hee's gentle, neuer school'd, and yet learned, full of noble deuise, of all sorts enchantingly beloued, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my owne people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long, this wrastler shall cleare all: nothing remaines, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now Ile goe about.

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Rosalind*, and *Celia*.

Cel. I pray thee *Rosalind*, sweet my Coz, be merry.

Ros. Deere *Celia*; I show more mirth then I am mistresse of, and would you yet were merrier: vnlesse you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learne mee how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Heerein I see thou lou'st mee not with the full waight that I loue thee; if my Vncle thy banished father had banished thy Vncle the Duke my Father, so thou hadst bene still with mee, I could haue taught my loue to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy loue to me were so righteously temper'd, as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to reioyce in yours.

Cel. You know my Father hath no childe, but I, nor none is like to haue; and truly when he dies, thou shalt be his heire; for what hee hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee againe in affection: by mine honor I will, and when I breake that oath, let mee turne monster: therefore my sweet *Rose*, my deare *Ros*, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will Coz, and deuise sports: let mee see, what thinke you of falling in Loue?

Cel. Marry I prethee doe, to make sport withall: but loue no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neyther, then with safety of a pure blush, thou maist in honor come off againe.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let vs sit and mocke the good housewife *Fortune* from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth bee bestowed equally.

Ros. I would wee could doe so: for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountifull blinde woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true, for those that she makes faire, she scarce makes honest, & those that she makes honest, she makes very ill fauouredly.

Ros. Nay now thou goest from *Fortunes* office to *Natures*: *Fortune* reignes in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of *Nature*.

Enter *Clowne*.

Cel. No; when *Nature* hath made a faire creature, may she not by *Fortune* fall into the fire? though *Nature* hath giuen vs wit to stout at *Fortune*, hath not *Fortune* sent in this foole to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed there is *fortune* too hard for *Nature*, when *fortune* makes *natures* naturall, the cutter off of *natures* witte.

Cel. Peraduenture this is not *Fortunes* work neither, but *Natures*, who perceiue our naturall wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this *Naturall* for our whetstone, for alwaies the dulnesse of the foole, is the whetstone of the wits. How now *Witte*, whether wander you?

Clow. Mistresse, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Clow. No by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you.

Ros.

Ros. Where learned you that oath foole?
Clow. Of a certaine Knight, that swore by his Honor they were good Pan-cakes, and swore by his Honor the Mustard was naught: Now Ile stand to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworne.

Cel. How proue you that in the great heape of your knowledge?

Ros. I marry, now vnuzzle your wisdom.

Clow. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chinnes, and sweare by your beards that I am a knaue.

Cel. By our beards (if we had them) thou art.

Clow. By my knauerie (if I had it) then I were: but if you sweare by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight swearing by his Honor, for he neuer had anie; or if he had, he had sworne it away, before euer he saw those Pancakes, or that Mustard.

Cel. Prethee, who is't that thou means't?

Clow. One that old *Fredericke* your Father loues.

Ros. My Fathers loue is enough to honor him enough; speake no more of him, you'll be whipt for taxation one of these daies.

Clow. The more pittie that fooles may not speak wisely, what Wisemen do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth thou saiest true: For, since the little wit that fooles haue was silenced, the little foolerie that wise men haue makes a great shew; Heere comes Monsieur the *Beu*.

Enter *le Beau*.

Ros. With his mouth full of newes.

Cel. Which he will put on vs, as Pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shal we be newes-cram'd.

Cel. All the better: we shal be the more Marketable.

Beau. Monsieur *le Beau*, what's the newes?

Le Beau. Faire Princeesse,

you haue lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport: of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour Madame? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Clow. Or as the destinies decrees.

Cel. Well said, that was laid on with a trowell.

Clow. Nay, if I keepe not my ranke.

Ros. Thou tookest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me Ladies: I would haue told you of good wrastling, which you haue lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell vs the manner of the Wrastling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning: and if it please your Ladiships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to doe, and heere where you are, they are coming to performe it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons.

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper yong men, of excellent growth and preface.

Ros. With bills on their neckes: Be it knowne vnto all men by these presents.

Le Beau. The eldest of the three, wrastled with *Charles* the Dukes Wrastler, which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little hope of life in him: So he seru'd the second, and so the third: yonder they lie, the poore old man their Father, making such pittifull dole ouer them, that all the behol-

ders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas.

Clow. But what is the sport Monsieur, that the Ladies haue lost?

Le Beau. Why this that I speake of.

Cel. Thus men may grow wiser euery day. It is the first time that euer I heard breaking of ribbes was sport for Ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken Musicke in his sides? Is there yet another doates vpon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrastling Cousin?

Le Beau. You must if you stay heere, for heere is the place appointed for the wrastling, and they are ready to performe it.

Cel. Yonder sure they are coming. Let vs now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Lords, Orlando, *Charles*, and Attendants.

Duke. Come on, since the youth will not be intreated His owne perill on his forwardnesse.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Euen he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too yong: yet he looks successfully

Du. How now daughter, and Cousin:

Are you crept hither to see the wrastling?

Ros. I my Liege, so please you giue vs leaue.

Du. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you there is such oddes in the man: In pitie of the challengers youth, I would faine dissuade him, but he will not bee entreated. Speake to him Ladies, see if you can moue him.

Cel. Call him hether good Monsieur *le Beau*.

Duke. Do so: Ile not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the Challenger, the Princeesse calls for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and dutie.

Ros. Young man, haue you challeng'd *Charles* the Wrastler?

Orl. No faire Princeesse: he is the generall challenger, I come but in as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Yong Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your yeares: you haue scene cruell prooffe of this mans strength, if you saw your selfe with your eies, or knew your selfe with your iudgment, the feare of your aduenture would counsell you to a more equall enterprise. We pray you for your owne sake to embrace your own safetie, and giue ouer this attempt.

Ros. Do yong Sir, your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suite to the Duke, that the wrastling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish mee not with your harde thoughts, wherein I confesse me much guiltie to denie so faire and excellent Ladies anie thing. But let your faire eies, and gentle wishes go with mee to my triall; wherein if I bee foil'd, there is but one sham'd that vvas neuer gracious: if kil'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I haue none to lament me: the world no iniurie, for in it I haue nothing: onely in the world I fill vp a place, which may bee better supplied, when I haue made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I haue, I would it were with you.

Cel.